

THE GOAT

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"A"

"B"



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

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JULY, 1928.

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SERGEANTS' MESS, Petawawa, 1909.



Top row, L. to R.—Sgt. R. J. Brown; late Sgt. F. Spalding; Sgt. "Ginger" Keating; Sgt. A. M. Doyle; Sgt. T. A. James; ? ; Sgt. Morrison; late Sgt. Macdonald; Sgt. F. W. Wardell.

Second row, L. to R.—Sgt. Inst. Connelly; Sgt. J. Fletcher; Sgt. V. Spalding; Q.M.S. Rush; late S/Sgt. Far Harraden; Sgt. F. Cox; Sgt. Scott; ? .

Third row, L. to R.—S.S.M. J. Wood; Q.M.S. Deevey; S.M.I. Sparks; R S. M. Doherty; S.M.I. Medhurst; S.M.I. Steer; Q.M.S.I. Purdy; Sgt. G. F. Berteau; Sgt. Karcher; S.S.M. Eagleson.

Bottom row, L. to R.—S.Q.M.S. "Percy" Morgan; ? ; Q.M.S. Firmstone; Sgt. J. Mathews; Sgt. "Tubby" Bicknell; Sgt. Tptr. Jacques.

Note:—The names given above are taken from memory. We will be glad to correct any errors that have been made on hearing from our readers.

Personal & Regimental

St. Johns.

While the summer is always a busy time of the year for the units of the P.F. the "Rural Station" of the R.C.D.'s. appears to have had more than its share this year. The staff course at Lennoxville and the present large infantry course (65 officers and 106 O.R.) at St. Johns have been a serious drain on the strength of the squadron. However all difficulties have been overcome by the united efforts of those available for duty reflecting the greatest credit on all ranks.

Ex-L/Cpl. Harry Gordon now residing in Flint, Mich., has been presented with a son. Congratulations from 'A' Squadron.

Ralph Desfosses has rejoined and is heartily welcomed back to the fold.

Capt. J. Wood and 16 O.R. who proceeded to Lennoxville last month returned on July 18th.

Lieut. Chadwick and S.M.I. Brown have returned from Sussex, N.B., and Major Sawers and S.S.-M.I. Hallett from Charlottetown, P.E.I. where they have been engaged in instructional work with the N.P.A.M.

Our versatile O.R.C., Q.M.S. Ellis has been very busy this month erecting a diving platform. He has kindly offered to give anyone instruction in diving, we hope many will take advantage of this.

Our young friends Godsmark and Constantine paid us a visit last week and we are all very glad to see them together again, and hope they will come and see us frequently.

Capt. G. F. Berteau, Q.M.S.I. Wardell, S.S.H.I. Hopkinson and Sergeants Neeves and Harris were engaged in instructional work with the 4th Mounted Brigade at Sherbrooke during the training period of that unit.

Senator Casgrain, who is Hon. Col. of the Joliette Regiment paid a visit of inspection to his regiment

while they were in camp. He also visited the Officers' Mess.

Troopers Saunders, McLaren and Maclean have been taken on strength during the past month. We extend them our congratulations.

(Niagara-on-the-Lake)

Mrs. Baty and Miss Joan Baty spent several days in Niagara-on-the-Lake visiting Mr. and Mrs. Croy at their summer cottage.

Capt. L. D. Hammond and Q.M.-S.I. F. C. Cox attended camp with the 1st Hussars at Port Stanley. They report a very pleasant two weeks and it is rumoured that Capt. Hammond is to be elected Honorary President of the branch of the Ladies Hunters and Improvement Society of that place.

Maj. W. Baty, S.M.I. Dowdell, Q.M.S.I. P. Walshe and S/Instr. King attended the camp of the 2nd Mounted Brigade at Barriefield.

Sergt. J. Y. Donald, who has been a patient in Christie Street Hospital since the end of May, with a fractured leg, was able to attend the Old Comrades Picnic, although still on crutches.

Sergeant W. T. Mercer, who took his discharge on termination of his engagement on the 18th June is now employed with the Toronto Carpet Coy., Toronto. We hope to be able to record his future doings, from time to time.

Congratulations to S.M.I. A. M. Doyle of his being awarded the Long Service and Good conduct medal, on completion of over 18 years service, all of which has been with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

During the Horse Show at St. Catharines the good people of that City entertained royally on numerous occasions and the officers of the Dragoons gratefully appreciate the hospitality extended to them.

THE "NICHOL'S CUP"

The Annual Rifle match between the Officers of the Permanent Force stationed at Stanley Barracks in competition for the

"Nicholls Cup" was held at the Ranges, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Friday afternoon, July 20th. was won by Lieut. C. C. Mann, R.C.D. with a total of 94 points, out of a possible 100. Maj. Baty was a close runner up with a score of 90 and Maj. Caldwell 3rd with 82. Nine officers fired in the match, under the following conditions:—

One sighting shot and seven shots to count on score fired with service rifle lying in the open, at 200, 300 and 500 yards respectively. 4 ft Figure targets to be used at 200 and 300 yards, 6 ft. Figure target to be used at 500 yards. The sighting shot may be counted on score if the intention of the firer to do so is declared prior to firing a second shot.

A Sweepstake to the value of \$1 to each officer competing was charged, the total stake awarded to the winner.

Lieut. Mann scored a possible at 200, 30 at 300 and 29 at 500 yards. It was a perfect day for shooting, with practically no wind though rather a bright light. This brings the Nicholls Cup back to the Dragoons for the first time since 1910, when it was won by the late Capt. A. V. S. Nordheimer. The Nicholls Cup was presented to the Officers at Stanley Barracks by Frederick Nicholls, Esq., in 1905. The names of the previous winners engraved on the cup are as follows:

- 1904 Lt. Col. J. S. A. Denison, R.C.R.
- 1910 Captain A. V. S. Nordheimer, R.C.D.
- 1911 Captain J. S. Brown, R.C.R.
- 1912 Captain J. S. Brown, R.C.R.
- 1913 Lieutenant C. C. Milsom, C.P.A.S.C.
- 1922 Captain V. Hodson, The R.C.R.
- 1924 Lt. Col. R. J. S. Langford, R.C.R.
- 1926 Lieut. F. H. Blake, M.C., R.C.E.
- 1927 Lt. Col. R. J. S. Langford, R.C.R.

Major Nordheimer, M.C. writes from Winnetka, Ill., stating that

one of the members of his club wishes to obtain the services of an experienced horseman to ride and take charge of four hunters. The salary is \$125.00 a month with a room. The Major adds that the work is congenial and would be a good place for anyone. We would like to see an old comrade get this position. Applications for the above should be addressed to the Editor, THE GOAT, St. Johns, Que.

Old Comrades Notes.

Mr. G. W. Dore and his family have been visiting Niagara on the Lake, on holiday, for the past two weeks. During his stay at Niagara George has been a frequent visitor at the Sergeants Mess where he has delighted his old comrades by remembered his favourite song "The Bullfrog" which still leaps as far as ever. Since he has been in Niagara several of the roads have been widened and cleared of trees, poles and other obstructions and ditches have been filled in. We have enjoyed his visit to Niagara and will be sorry when he returns to Toronto to Work?? Some say "Good old George and others ???—!!—"

Ex-Farrier, Q.M.S. P. L. Hogan was a visitor at Niagara Camp on the 19th July. He is at present employed with the Bell Telephone Co. at Toronto and takes part in the various sports of that company.

We were shocked to learn that Major N. Medhurst had been seriously ill for the past month but were pleased to see that he had recovered sufficiently to enable him to attend the Old Comrades Picnic.

Mr. G. K. Atkins "Tommy" visited Niagara Camp on the evening of the 14th instant and we were pleased to see him looking so well. We understand that he is in the Export Business "Dry Goods"?

Mr. G. L. MacGregor, who was the last of the old comrades to



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leave Niagara after the picnic, returned to his home minus his camera. If anyone of the Old comrades who attended the picnic can give him any information as to when and where he last had it he would be greatly obliged.

Ex-Orderly room Sergt. McKee, who is now Brigade Sergt. Major of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, also attended the recent Militia Camp. All his old comrades were glad to see him.

We were glad to see ex-R.Q.M.S. P. Morgan "Pierpont" Morgan at the Picnic on the 14th instant and hope that he will be able to attend all future re-unions of the Ass'n.

ExTrooper T. Harbour and Ex-Trumpeter Holmes attended the recent Militia Camp at Niagara with the 10th Brant Dragoons, in which they both hold Non-commissioned rank. While at camp they renewed old acquaintance amongst the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

ROYAL CANADIAN DAGOONS
OLD COMRADES' ASS'N
PICNIC

For the third and we hope the last year in succession the weather man frowned upon the day selected for the annual picnic. Saturday July 14th dawned bleak and rainy and it was reported to be even more unpleasant in Toronto. Nevertheless history again repeated itself and in spite of the weather nearly 200 picnickers arrived at Niagara-on-the-Lake. A goodly portion of them arrived on the morning boats and by noon motor cars arrived bringing the remainder.

The sun came out prior to the commencement of the sports at 2.30 p.m. and with the exception of a slight shower it was bright for the remainder of the day, though rather damp underfoot. The sports were held on the Polo field and were most keenly contested, especially by the Ladies.

The events and prize winners were as follows:

Prize Winners

- 1—Single Ladies—1st Miss L. Mathews, 2nd, Miss J. Walton.
- 2—Non-serving members—1st Mr. W. Mitchell, 2nd Mr. R. J. Devlin.
- 3—Members Wives—1st Mrs. J.

MacLean, 2nd Mrs. N. McNeilage.

4—Cigarette Race—1st Mr. Sutherland and lady, 2nd Mr. McKenzie and Lady.

5—100 yards, open—1st Sergt. A. Buell, 2nd Tpr. V. Ward, 3rd Sergt. F. Harding.

6—Ladies Balloon Race—1st Mrs. A. F. Madden, 2nd Mrs. N. McNeilage.

7—Throwing Baseball (Men)—1st Mr. W. Mitchell, 2nd Tpr. Stafford.

8—Throwing Baseball (Ladies)—1st Mrs. Chesley, 2nd Mrs. MacLean.

9—Wheelbarrow Race—1st Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Madden, 2nd Mr. Groves and Lady.

10—3 legged race, (Ladies)—Won by Mrs. Hallet and Miss Walton.

11—Handicap Race—1st Mr. J. W. Harmon, 2nd Mr. A. White.

12—Tug of War—Won by non-serving members.

13—Boys 12 and under (Prizes presented by Maj. N. Medhurst) 1st Douglas Walters, 2nd Charles Sayger, 3rd Roy Hider.

14—Girls 12 and under (Prizes presented by Maj. N. Medhurst) 1st Lily Mathews, 2nd Jean Stokes, 3rd Grace Howarth, 4th Lilian Russell.

15—N.C.O.'s. Troopers—Jumping (Prize presented by Mr. Besant) 1st Tpr. Hutchins, 2nd Corporal Galloway.

An exhibition of Tent pegging in sections and in single file was added to the programme by teams from 'B' Squadron.

Following the sports all adjourned to the Mess marquee where sup-

sent were:—

per was provided and where Col. Bowie presented the prizes, after which the picnickers began to disperse to their various homes, but it speaks well for the hospitality of the serving members to note that it was 9.00 a.m. on Monday the 16th before the last one departed.

Frank Dunbar, the Vice Pres. of the Association, acted as Master of Ceremonies throughout the day and great credit is due to the committee for the excellent arrangements which, in spite of the weather, carried the picnic through to what all who attended stated to be an unqualified success.

As in all the re-unions greetings were effusive and many old stories were retold. It was especially pleasing to have the opportunity of meeting the wives and children of old comrades. Among those pre-

Major N. Medhurst,
Mr. C. Meeker,
Mr. R. Davidson,
Mr. C. Banbury,
Mr. P. Morgan, "Pierpont"
Mr. H. C. Baldwin,
Mr. T. W. Besant,
Mr. A. Beaton,
M. N. McNeilage,
Mr. J. H. Mathews,
Mr. J. W. Harmon,
Mr. H. J. Elton,
Mr. G. W. Walton,
Mr. E. W. Hare,
Mr. W. Proctor,
Major E. L. Caldwell,
Capt. L. D. Hammond,
Mr. J. M. Sutherland,
Mr. C. Morris,
Mr. R. H. Devlin,
Mr. W. Mitchell,

RETURNED SOLDIERS' INSURANCE ACT

Advice has been received that the Returned Soldiers' Insurance Act which was closed for the receipt of applications for Insurance on 1st September 1923, has now been re-opened until 31st August 1929. A notice to this effect will shortly appear in Militia Orders.

In addition it is requested that commanding officers draw to the attention of all concerned that the Returned Soldiers' Insurance Act has been re-opened for the receipt of applications for Insurance, as above stated, from the following returned soldiers:—

(a) Ex-members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force who served in the Great War.

(b) Ex-members of the Forces of the Imperial Allied or Associated Powers who served in the Great War and who were resident and domiciled in Canada on August 4th, 1914.

Mr. F. Melville,
Mr. A. G. Libby,
Mr. G. W. McKenzie,
Mr. A. White,
Mr. E. G. Groves,
Mr. H. J. Sprent,
Mr. E. Enever,
Mr. G. L. McGregor, and others.

Bytown Bits.

Dominion Day:—The 1st of July this year was a quiet one for the Ottawa garrison in comparison with the same day last year. On that date the troops marched to Parliament Hill for the celebration of Confederation and baked in the sun of three solid hours. Many quarts of beer went south after that parade. This year the only military feature of the day was a Royal Salute, fired at noon on Cartier Square by the 1st Brigade C.F.A.

Training:—This month sees various troops of the garrisons at their Annual training. The Artillery went to Petawawa and the Machine Gunners, Signallers and Engineers to Barriefield.

Camp ReVisited:—Taking advantage of the week end that the 2nd Mounted Brigade put in at Barriefield some of the ex-members of the P.L.D.G., who were also members of the 8th C.M.R., motored to Barriefield, to see the old place after an absence of 13 years. Many memories of the past came to the mind as the old haunts were looked over and thoughts of the early days of the war, when we were all trying to do our best to be the finest regiment that ever left Canada. Over by the Brigade office was the Headquarter Bldg. and one had only to close an eye to see the long lean figure of dear old Colonel Hemming, walking out of the building with his constant companion 'Ken.' The two were always together and I can remember one Sunday church parade with the troops lined up on three sides of a square, when Ken took exception to several visiting dogs and a battle royal ensued to the vast delight of the congregation and to the demoralization of a big bass drum that happened to be in the line of the scrap.

Then there were the old cavalry lines where the 8th hung out the

bull pen where we put the odd King's hard bargain and the quarantine camp, where the lads who had loved not unwisely, but too well, were segregated. The rifle ranges where Barratt's goats and sheep ran wild during the summer of 1915, and the sharp crack of the rifle in the early dawn or late evening, was a sure sign that the Sergeants' Mess would have spring lamb on the table the next day. Over the road and down by the river was the old swimming bay where we used to go after a hot day's work and let the St. Lawrence do its kindly work. Over into the city and the new gate at R.M.C., and the new causeway over the Catarqui caught the eye. Down to the Frontenac club where the lads oft made merry on a Saturday evening and so through the city that never changes. Altogether it was good to get back to the old place and to live over for a brief space the memories of the past, when as I said we had the best regiment in the C.E.F.

Saw Old Friends:—I was quite delighted, while in Barriefield to see Stanley Lee, Speedy Greer, Harry Goodeve and Dick Willets, all looking as if they were happy with the world. Speedy, says, that his work is cut in half since the province went wet.

Gets Promotion:—His many friends will be pleased to learn of the promotion of Captain Henry N. Bate to the rank of Major in the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. Major Bate has had a long career in the regiment joining it in 1910. He served overseas with the 8th C.M.R., and the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Upon his return to Canada he rejoined the P.L.D.G. with the rank of captain, being second in command of "A" Squadron. On his promotion he was posted to command "B" Squadron and his work as a squadron leader at the last camp brought forth high praise both from his Commanding Officer and the Brigadier. He succeeded Major E. Bruce Nelson M.C., who has been appointed 2nd in Command of the regiment, now under the command of Lieut. Colonel F. B. Inkster V.D., who is known from coast to coast as Secretary of the Canadian Cavalry Association.

Connaught Ranges Busy:—The summer courses at the Canadian Small Arm School are now in full swing and Lieut.-Col. W. K. Walker D.S.O., M.C., the commandant and his staff are hard at it teaching the lads of the army, all that they can on the varied subjects that come under the different courses of instruction. Major Pop Edwards is assistant to the commandant. A large class is in attendance.

The Drags:—Major W. Baty assisted by Q.M.S.I., Walshe, Sgts. Inst. Tom King and Q.M.S.I. Waddell were the favored ones that came to Barriefield to be attached to the 2nd Mounted Brigade for their training. I was glad to see them all looking so well, although time did not permit of a very long talk with any of them.

At Kempville:—The summer fair at Kempville brought a good number of Ottawa horsemen with their mounts to the smiling home of Howard Ferguson. Major Henry Bate, Captain Henry Gill, Capt. Cecil Gervan, Lieut. Harold Allan and other members of the P.L.D.G. entered in the various classes and in every case in with the ribbon winners.

Are Appreciated:—Many old time members of the Drags in Ottawa are pleased indeed that our old friends E.G.G., has been unearthed and that he has not forgotten old times and is still able to wield a wicked pen in the sketch line. The cartoons and sketches of "The Fiddler" were always looked forward to in France and will be always welcome to tired eyes in the pages of THE GOAT. As Jimmy James was often wont to sing "Trumpeter What Are You Sounding Now," never applied to the 'C' Squadron artist, who was always blessed with a sense of humour and when he saw a subject for his pen, it was a hard job for him to wait until he had time to express his thoughts on paper.

On the Job:—After being a Brigade Sergeant-Major for three years, our old friend Billy Doxey put in his first camp in that capacity with the 2nd Mounted Brigade at Barriefield. As William ex-



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pressed himself to me "It's a hell of a fine job."

Barriefield Camp:—For the first time since 1915 the plains of Barriefield echoed to the tramp of cavalry horses and the words of cavalry commands when the 2nd Mounted Brigade put in their 12 days training. The Brigade, which is composed of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards (Lieut. Col. F. B. Inkster, V.D.) 3rd Prince of Wales Canadian Dragoons (Lieut. Col. H. W. Powell) and the 4th Hussars, (Lieut. Col. C. H. Handcock, M.C.) were under the command of Col. L. P. Sherwood, V.D., A.D.C. The Brigade Major,

was Major J. L. Melville, and the acting Staff Captain was Capt. J. Trudeau Royal 22nd Regiment. The camp lines were situated just east of the old Headquarters building and were suitable in every way for cavalry purposes. The three regiments were all up to strength and about 400 troops of all ranks were under canvas. Troops and Squadron drill took up a few days with a day or so of regimental training and musketry. Various schemes both regimental and brigade were carried out and at the end of the camp, Colonel Commandant W. B. Anderson, C.M.G., D.S.O., the D.O.C., expressed himself as well satisfied with the work carried on. Three days rain put the ground in bad condition for any jumping and as a result, it was impossible to run off the Merritt Cup competitions, the blue clay making the footing very bad for both men and horses. It was possible, however to run off various brigade and regimental sports. The casualties were light, two broken legs and two horses destroyed covering the most of the damage. All ranks are looking forward to the next year's training and after one year of brigade work the officers of the three units are keenly anxious that it should continue. The regiments had trained at their own headquarters since the war and the majority of the officers had not had a chance to meet each other. A spirit of friendly rivalry has been fostered, which will do a lot to help the service. Given the same period of time with an increase in strength, it should do wonders to help the cavalry in the country.

Was in Ottawa:—Major General V. A. S. Williams was in Ottawa for a few days this month on business connected with the Provincial Police Department.

Inspector of Cavalry:—A couple of months ago I spoke of the need of the revival of the post of Inspector of Cavalry. This was a recognized appointment prior to 1914 and is one that the General Staff would well be advised to continue. I have had several letters from Officers of the service in which they state their approval of the idea and it is the intention to make the matter one for discussion and action at the annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association at



What the well-dressed man will wear at Connaught Ranges this summer. The above is a photograph of Lieut. W. E. Gillespie, R.C.D., who is reputed to be the best looking officer in the Permanent Force. (Reasoning method, "Gas or Spring")

their next meeting in Saint John, N.B. in October. The old system whereby the Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Dragoons looked after the work east of Manitoba and the Officer Commanding the Strathcona's inspected Manitoba and the west was satisfactory in every way. In fact when the late Major-General Lessard was in command at Toronto, he did the whole country. However the service has grown to such an extent that two inspectors would be necessary. It is hoped that by next year the posts will be re-established and that cavalry will have officers, thoughly conversant with all their troubles and having a full knowledge of cavalry work to inspect them.

Lieut. Col. M. F. McTaggart's new book "From Colonel to Subaltern" is described by a reviewer as "Equitation with Humor." He has evidently been over here watching the methods of S. M. Hopkinson.

Letters to the Editor.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have just finished my long excursion through 24 numbers of our great magazine which you so kindly sent me. All the letters from Old Comrades and "Soldiering" by our Freddy Powell I have particularly enjoyed. The latter, so far, is an achievement and I hope old Fred will not tire of it, but carry on to the bitter end.

It is too bad, for my own sake, that I have missed so much association with Old Comrades through the magazine but from now on I shall watch the mails for the current number each month with great anticipation.

Before closing I would like to tell you of Decoration Day here in Cleveland, which as you know, is the national memorial day. On that day I wore my medals for the first time since receiving them on parade with the British Empire War Veterans Association. Most of us were in uniform including Aussies, Imperials and Canadians. Our Union Jack was carried by a lone British tar with H.M. Minesweeper on his cap. Old Glory was borne by one of the Old Brigade with R.C.H.A. on his shoulder straps. I missed him after parade but hope to get in touch with him later. There were about fifty of us, representing all units of the service and we were led by a pipe band wearing the Stewart tartan.

With best wishes to all old comrades, not forgetting yourself in spite of all you ever did to me in the past.

Yours, etc.
E. GEO. GREEN.

9 Ainger Road,
London, N.W. 2.,
England.
June 27th, 1928.

Dear Sir:

A visit to this year's Royal Tournament was, as usual, productive of several ideas in the mind of your "London correspondent" with many memories of musical rides and drives performed in various towns in Canada by the dear old R.C.D.'s. and the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery.

To a cavalryman's eye and mind, I suppose the outstanding

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feature of any tournament is the musical ride and at the Olympia this year was carried out by that fine old regiment. The Royal Scots Greys. The ride itself was performed at a too leisurely pace, but apart from this the figures were good. The passage from the sides of the arena to the centre for the "Lance Exercise" was received as quite a novelty by the audience, but this of course was no new thing to anyone of us. I was sorry to see that the beautiful rhythm of the exercise was entirely spoilt by the jerky, "staccato," manner in which the waves, thrusts and parries were carried out, and I fancy that the bandmaster had considerably more to say than the riding master, as far as this feature was concerned.

The ride was beautifully turned out in scarlet and bearskins, and the men were wearing crossbills, which, what with the horses being equipped with sheepskins and breastplates, considerably enhanced the appearance of the parade. They were preceded into the arena by the Drum Horse in all his glory

(drummer included of course) and four trumpeters sounding a fanfare.

The charge at the end of the ride was remarkable for the fact that the rear rank 'engaged' as well as the front rank, but there was a considerable distance between each rank and this I thought rather detracted from the "massed thunderous" effect that used to give such a thrill to any Canadian audience seeing the Royal Canadian Dragoons' grand final.

Now, sir, here is a suggestion. Why not send across a musical ride of ours for next year's Royal Tournament? It would be an immense draw, and I am sure it would be a splendid advertisement for Canada and could be made a trip of utmost value to the regiment itself.

"M" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery excelled themselves in their musical drive. I have never seen an artillery drive in which the pace was so fast and yet even. Precision and distance were excellent and the whole thing went with that abandon that is such an

essential of this particular turn, if it is going to get across properly. The turn-out too, was beyond criticism and judged by the usual R.H.A. standard, which speaks volumes.

The Equitation School at Weedon put on some very novel features this year in the way of fancy jumping, the one which pleased me most being where the horses jumped, at a smart canter, a pole that was being slowly carried down the arena towards the horses by two men, each horse jumping as it met him, so to speak.

The 17/21st Lancers also gave a very fine display and a horse jumping the foils of two men actually fencing caused huge delight to the large audience.

R.A.S.C. put on a perfect display of riding and long rein driving combined and the skill shown by these men in riding one horse and guiding a leader in long reins over jumps was a revelation in the way of a quiet smooth exhibition of control and steady even horsemanship.

The recruits of the Guards depot

at Caterham in drill order (khaki) made a wonderful impression with their unexcelled alignment and dressing, which, coupled with a marvellous dexterity and sense of time, in the drill use of rifle and bayonet, brought round after round of applause from the onlookers.

The details of the display of the Army Gymnastic Staff, physical training by the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy and Marine Field Gun Competition can not be given their due here owing to lack of space, but mention must be made of a new feature of this year's show, in the display of the boys from the Duke of York's Royal Military School.

These youngsters, dressed and equipped to represent wooden soldiers, went through a wonderful display of drill, every action being performed with the series of 'jerks' that one naturally associates with toy soldiers.

The finale of this turn came when the whole parade fell face downwards, in an absolutely stiff and unbending manner, beautiful-



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ly typical of the whole character of the representation.

To see them march smartly off, headed by their splendid boys' band, was an eye-opener to the thousands present, of the great value to England of this little-known institution.

Incidentally, I noticed that many of the officers on the staff of the Tournament were wearing the old closed collar serges and I cannot help thinking that they look so much soldierly than the collar and tie type of jacket, which never looked really smart when worn in blue.

The "Greys" are I see wearing the famous zig-zag band on the staff cap in yellow now, instead of white and I do not admire the change in colour.

To turn to another matter of interest to "service" horsemen generally everyone in London welcomed the news that Capt. Dudgeon of the "Greys" won the King's Cup at the International Horse Show yesterday and it was splendid to note that Col. Graham's gallant old horse "Broncho" now in his 24th year, was third.

Well, Mr. Editor, I think that is all I can inflict upon you at present, trusting that THE GOAT is going strong and that all ranks of the R.C.D.'s. are as fit as usual.

Yours, etc.

F. J. DEE.

The following letter received by Maj. Timmis will be of interest to many of our readers:

Windsor, Nova Scotia
20th June 1928.

My dear Sir:

I am very desirous of procuring a photograph of the Barracks Square of St. Johns more especially of that portion showing the front of the officers' quarters and the two brick barracks of the men. The former married men's quarters facing the officers' quarters were, of course, burnt many years ago—as well as the cookhouse which stood in one corner of the square, both being of brick.

You will, I feel confident pardon my troubling you when I state that as small boy I lived with my father and mother in the same old officers' quarters at the south end. My father was a Captain in the late Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment

(and my mother possess several valuable pieces of the mess silver (crested) of that fine old corps) and we, with the married and single officers, lived in these quarters.

You probably know that the Royal Canadian Rifles were finally disbanded, by the Gladstone Government, in Kingston, June 1870, when nearly all regulars were withdrawn from Canada.

At the time I speak of my governor's company was stationed in St. Johns from 1865-8, with one or two other companies of the R.C.R. One company was also stationed at Ile-aux-Noix with a battery of the R.A. Chambly, years before that also garrisoned, was used by the regulars from St. Johns, Isle-aux-Noix and Montreal for annual musketry practice.

My father has been dead many years, but my mother (now 91) has told me much of the gay days spent in the old barracks and on the River Richelieu, between St. Johns and Isle-aux-Noix; balls lasting until four o'clock in the morning, the officers out from Montreal-General Lindsay and many others with their staffs.

The Royal Canadian Rifles were recruited altogether from England and Britain generally. There were no enlistments here, drafts being sent out from time to time and full married strength. Every man had to have 3 years' service in a regiment of the line. The large majority of the officers exchanged from other regiments, my father having been five years in the 76th Foot (now the Duke of Wellington's) as Lieutenant.

The regiment latterly had 12 to 14 companies with headquarters in turn at Toronto, Quebec, Kingston. On disbandment at Kingston in June 1870 a large number of the men were drafted into the 60th Rifles and 69th Regt. then laying at Quebec. Some of the officers sold out and other went on H.P. or exchanged into regiments of the line elsewhere.

My mother states she has seen on parade at The Tete de Pont Barracks in Kingston 800 of the regiment bearing medals of the Crimean and Indian Mutiny Campaigns. The band of the regiment (with H.Q.) was considered to be the finest in the army. It was 60 strong and ranked with the bands of the Brigade of Guards.

My family have held commissions

in the army for 200 years and have fought all over the show. One of the my sons, I am glad to say is now a youngster in the R.C.A. in Halifax.

I thought as I was asking you a favor you would not take amiss my telling you something about your predecessors in the dear old barracks at St. Johns.

Believe me, etc.

L. W. MacDONALD.

Dear Editor:

Herewith subscription for another year's issue of THE GOAT.

I really think that as time goes on our magazine is getting more interesting and I am glad you are managing to rope in more old comrades, such as Ex-Tp. G. Green. I am sure we shall all look forward to his famous cartoons from time to time. I have, hung up in my house, some of them he did of me (when I was not looking) in Flanders and many a laugh my friends have at them.

I had a most interesting letter from Ex-S/Smith Cortman, Hamilton Ont. He had seen my address in THE GOAT and he said he just dropped me a few lines for "old time's sake." I can assure you I appreciated his letter very, very much and I have answered it of course.

It is nice to know that, even although the years slip by, "old pals and old days" are not and never will be, forgotten. So you see THE GOAT is the means of bringing "old pals" together, even though seas divide.

Yours, etc.

817 Ex-Sgt. J. McCUTCHEON,
14 Germiston St.
Glasgow, Scotland.

4th Mounted Brigade

The 4th Mounted Brigade, commanded by Col. R. F. Stockwell V.D., Major H. H. Robinson, M.C., Brigade Major and consisting of the 7th Husars, 11th Hussars and E.T.M.R's. carried out annual training as a brigade at Sherbrooke from June 26th to July 8th. This is the first time these regiments have been brigaded for training since 1914.

At the commencement of training the brigade was presented with a splendid cup by Senator Foster for regimental efficiency and which will be competed for annually until

it has been won three years in succession. Besides this each regiment was presented with a cup by Lt.-Col. Duhaute, O.B.E., R.C.A.V.C., to be presented to the best turned out squadron (mounted) of each regiment, becoming the property of the squadron winning it for three successive years.

It can be readily imagined that competition under the circumstances was very keen and in this way was of great assistance in rounding the brigade into shape in the short period available. A system of marking was adopted under various headings such as: discipline, dress, drill, stable management returns, etc., the marks being posted daily where units could see where their weaknesses lay and could take the steps to correct them. Officers and Sergeants messed under brigade arrangements which was also a great advantage.

As an experiment the brigade was allowed to run their own affairs as regards rationing and forage making their own contracts for same, the government giving them the allowance in lieu. Great credit is due to Major Dean, C.A.S.C., who handled the whole matter in a business-like way and to the entire satisfaction of all and at the same time effecting a considerable saving.

The members of the P.F. attached to the brigade were Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D., Q.M.S., I Wardell, D.C.M., R.C.D., S.S.M. I. Hopkinson, R.C.D., Sgt. Harris, R.C.D., Sgt. Neeves, R.C.D. and Q.M.S. I. Clarke, R.C.R.

The following officers commanded the three regiments most efficiently: Lt. Col. G. C. Beard, 7th Hrs., Lt.-Col. M. L. Brady, M.C., 11th Hrs., Lt. Col. F. P. Ball, E.T.M.R.

Infantry Camp.

St. Johns.

Although the weatherman accorded the infantry units of the N.P.A.M. an unpleasant reception the night of their arrival in camp the ardour of these splendid units was by no means dampened and the following morning St. Johns awoke to find a great change had taken place in the usual routine of barrack life. The camp was the scene of great activity enlivened by the skirl of the pipes and the bands of the Victoria Rifles, R.M.

R's and Joliette Regiment. A parade through the streets of St. Johns was then arranged and the smart appearance of all units taking part was remarked upon by all. The Highlanders especially took St. Johns by storm and as one civilian remarked "they certainly swing a wicked kilt." On Sunday, St. Johns was the Mecca for many friends from Montreal. A church parade was held on the polo field and mass in the Riding School, after which a March Past of all units took place, the salute being taken by Major-General H. C. Thacker accompanied by his staff. Sports were held in the afternoon and as the events with the exception of two were open to all units, several members of the St. Johns Garrison took part in them.

Sgt. Green won the 50 yd. and 220 yd., races. L/Cpl. Clarke won the high jump and came second in the broad jump. The R.C.D. team composed of Sgt. Green, L/Cpl. Clarke and Trprs. Ross and Washington won the relay race.

On Monday a Field Day was held and many lessons of inestimable value learned. The defence of Lacadie was undertaken by the units of the 11th Inf. Bde. supported by a troop of cavalry (R.C.D's) the attacking force being the Victoria Rifles, Royal Highlanders and Royal Montreal Regiment (12th Inf. Bde.) The units returned late in the afternoon but were in time to witness the game between England and Scotland on the Barracks Recreation Field. The pipers played the Scottish team on the field to the tune of "Highland Laddie" and many who had predicted that they would leave the field to the tune of a lament were disappointed for the Scots got their revenge for last year's defeat the score being 3-1.

The death by accidental drowning of Pte. J. W. Hutchinson of 'B' Co. 13th Royal Highlanders on Sunday evening marred an otherwise successful week-end and cast a gloom over the whole camp. His body was recovered within two minutes and although artificial respiration was resorted to he expired three hours later having sustained internal injuries. The deceased was eighteen years old. His father was a member of the 42nd R.H.C. during the war and was wounded at Sanctuary Wood.

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Soldiering.

(Continued)

By Q.M.S. F. W. Powell.

It is 9 a.m. when we leave Tully. We pass through Valery-sur-Somme. This is ever so much better than troop drill. I'm enjoying it hugely. It is April. The fields are full of nodding daffodils. The country is delightful fresh and clean. The long ride tires limbs unused to such exercises. Except for the monotonous call of Jessie James, "Keep closed up," this is a happy day. We dismount at noon, water and feed the horses then ourselves. A smoke, a loaf then saddle and away again. It is 9 p.m. when we reach Crecy where we are to remain for the night.

Long before this I've noted that the hay remaining in my hay-net could be placed in a tea-cup. The jolting has shaken what Buck's horse did not eat into a fine powder. Horses fixed up for the night billets is the next question. As a man from our section is on the billeting party we hope for much. We are to occupy the Casino. Quite thrilling. Of course everybody wants the best place and everybody seems out of luck because there are no best places. When the bed is the floor all situations are pretty much of a muchness. Blankets are drawn from the transport. Two blankets and the cloak from the saddle prove sufficient. Make the bed after supper, and finding ourselves free of duty, wander into one of the few estaminets in the village where we remain until time to turn in. Crecy. Historical ground. I have seen the tower from which Richard, I think, watched his son the Black Prince "winning his spurs." How nice of the Government. But for this awful war that's going on somewhere I'd never had stood on the field of Crecy.

Forgot to mention we started our travels on a Sunday. Curious how this always seemed to be the day for a move right through the war.

Monday, April 9th found us on the move again. Crecy was left early. More delightful country. Auchy-lez Hesdin was reached at about 2 in the afternoon. Watered

and fed en route. Watering proved to be a dickens of a job. The buckets issued seem not solid enough. They crumple up in a distressing manner when least expected. They will not always sit properly on the ground. The horses are very thirsty. One climbs up a slippery bank to the impatient horse held by another whose horse also must be watered. No sooner has one placed the bucket on the ground than both make a dive for it. Result, it is upset. This upsets one's temper slightly. Repeat the trip. This time the one horse is held back while the other drinks. In his rush the free horse shoves his nose into the side instead of the middle. Same result. Everything upset. Playfully smack the horse across the face with the wet bucket and singing softly one makes yet another trip. Fare better this time although the contents are lessened by half through the horse shoving his head into one's chest, quite destroying one's equilibrium. However, satisfy the brutes more to our personal satisfaction than their own and call it a day. Of course the chap holding one's horse grouses because his horse has had insufficient to drink. Easy to laugh that off. Well, here we are at Auchy-lez-Hesdin. The mokes have stood the two day's march very well. No sore backs.

For the time being we are to remain here. The men are in billets and the horses in the open. They are stretched in a long line beside the road. The breast line is stretched from tree to tree. Orders are to tie them so they cannot reach trees. In spite of this we find the trees denuded of bark within reach of the blinkin' plugs, when we turn out for stables the next morning. This pleases everybody. Our section is billeted about the same establishment. Was going to say, farm but this would give the wrong impression. Hovel, would perhaps fit the case better. Half of us occupy the wash house while the other half are located in the pig-stye. I am here. Mrs. Pig resents the intrusion and on all

possible occasions slips back into her rightful home. This conduct, though most commendable in her case proves very inconvenient to us. The place is infested with rats. These rodents always fill me with utter loathing and scare me stiff. Whenever the weather is favourable I sleep in the open rather than face the rats. The day's rations were never safe from attack by these pests. These particular ones were most agile and resourceful. I once wrapped my daily ration of bread in several sheets of newspaper. I then slung a length of hay wire from one end of the shack to the other, about three feet from the roof. From this another wire was hung perpendicularly and to this I attached my bundle of bread. The bundle hung suspended about four feet from the floor. Next morning the paper was chewed and the bread had vanished. To accomplish this they must have walked along the horizontal wire and SLID DOWN THE PERPENDICULAR LENGTH. After this I gave the pig-stye completely over to them.

The owners of the house at which we are billeted are at first not particularly enthusiastic over us but our cheery dispositions soon win them over and in a very short time these people have securely established a profitable catering business. Fried eggs was always the piece de resistance. As the demand exceeded the supply, prices jumped alarmingly. One franc is quite a lot for an egg. These peasants of France have a keen eye for business. Our hosts ran in addition, with great success, a blind pig. The way they diluted the cognac was a sin. Of course one was not obliged to purchase, but buy we did.

The Squadron was spread all over this straggling off-shoot of Auchy-lez-Hesdin and Sqn. H.Q.'s was located at the bottom of the hill on the main road to the village proper. Opposite, was the cook-house from which all drew their meals in person. We were lined up one Sunday afternoon for tea when our attention was centred on three horses tearing down the road at a mad gallop. Clearly were they out of hand. Pete Irving was on one and the other two officers were strangers. Just before reaching us Pete's horse stumbled

and he was thrown. He was an awful mess as we carried him over to H.Q. Took him quite a long time to recover. In due course Pete is hauled up for a court martial at which I appeared as a witness. If I remember right Wilkes defended him. Shorty Steer also appeared in some capacity or other. At any rate Pete got away with a reprimand. Shortly afterwards Irving left the regiment and that's the last we hear of him.

The other two squadrons were in the village proper and the officers of "A" occupied the rear room of a popular estaminet and I'm sure they heard much that surprised as the troops got fuller and fuller and their tongues wagged unrestrained. 'C's' area being quite without interest our spare time was spent with 'A' and 'B' Auchy possessed few attractions outside the many estaminets. The place was dirty and smelly. At Hesdin, a few kilometres Army H.Q. was located. Often did we pass through this place and it always struck me as being a most desirable spot from which to conduct a war. Never did we encounter any of the super brass hats. It is in this district that Turner and Barber went on their famous scrounging expedition. Their venture proved most successful. Pyjamas were bagged from the line upon which they were drying; one signaller in the army found himself minus one bicycle; a fat, jovial monk was deprived suddenly of his wind by being butted in the tummy by Turner whom the holy man had surprised in the act of sampling the wines of the monastery; a horse was borrowed from the 7th D.G.'s without the formality of a signature. They had a great night. Barber lay in a ditch until morning but Alec showed up for morning stables. He related this some time ago in The Goat if you remember. These were the little things that inspired the song, "Oh, Oh, it's a luvly war."

What tales could be told of doings when we were supposed to be tucked in our lousy blankets dreaming sweetly of coming joys. Most of us I fancy, indulged in these little adventures, but I have no recollection of any being caught. To come into possession of a red brassard of the hated red-caps meant the greatest courtesy and consideration from the proprietors



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of the many estaminets. Chickens supplemented the somewhat scant rations. Remember Fairburn? Good old Fairy. Chicken were his failing. No sooner would we be settled in new quarters than Fairy would depart to see what was to be seen. Never did he fail to bring back a few chickens which were plucked, cooked and eaten with the utmost despatch. He bagged a young pig at one time but it proved too bulky for immediate disposal so the porker was given his liberty. For a long time we had a nice young baa-lamb marked down for future consumption but a sudden move knocked it all on the head. Don't for one moment suppose the peasants suffered from these petty thefts. Whenever we took our departure from a village the Paymaster and Interpreter remained to settle all claims for losses and damages. Many of these claims were totally unjustified. Provided they were not too close, I fancy these peasants rather liked the war. Many of their buildings already on their last legs would be assisted towards their ruin by the people themselves. The soldiers would be accused and Madame would find herself able to erect a newer and bigger structure.

Auchy lies in thickly wooded country. Schemes were the order of the day. Same old ignorance of just what we were supposed to be doing. We'd gallop like hell through dense forests. Rarely was the going exactly pleasant for low hanging branches cause a deal of pain and annoyance. Coming into the open we'd dismount for action, lie in a ditch for an hour or two, smoking, chatting and laughing at this tom-foolery. To vary things we'd remount, gallop madly in some other direction, repeat the action of dismounting and lying concealed. Again would the movement be repeated. We'd form up and find the battle was won or lost according to who the Umpire was. Wonder if Umpires are used in these games?

Trumpeter Green (named by us at Woignarue for obvious reasons "Rot Green") was rather out of luck at Auchy. His mount was slow and could not be urged to keep up with the O.C. who must have been tickled to pieces to hear George had guessed wrongly and was doing his best to trotle what he thought was required

Mattered little anyway for none were strong on trumpet calls. Even if we did know George would so disguise it that none ever had the faintest notion what the racket meant. In back areas trumpet calls were considered frightfully important. When, however, we actually did perform mounted action in all seriousness it was noticeable that the trumpets did not blow. Why, I wonder? Who will enlighten me? If trumpets are useless in warfare, if flags cannot be wragged in the face of the enemy why the devil waste so much time and money on these things? Remembering Cobourg, I'll say no more about the matter.

Schemes, drills, inspections, drunks, and private reconnoitring patrols went on until late in May, when we learned we were to pack up and go on manoeuvres. On Sunday, May 21st (Sunday again) we moved on to Neuilly-les-Hospitals, close to Abbeville. Miles and miles away from the war. Neuilly was very tiny. Billets rotten. The few inhabitants dumb, dirty and unfriendly until the discovery is made that we are the "Rich Canadians." Money works wonders. Soon were these people eating out of our hands. Not because we were the men of the R.C.D.'s. but for the money we had to spend amongst them. Cupboard love. Nothing but. Unfortunately my recollections of the manoeuvres themselves are extremely vague. I know we worked over ground intersected by quite wide trenches over which we jumped with more or less success. Many failed, Many tumbles. Sgt. McHugh's horse fell in a trench and broke his legs. The horse was shot on the spot. Earnshaw also took a tumble and coloured the landscape a vivid blue. Altogether too many of our horses failed to negotiate these trenches. Let's hope they'll improve before we come to the real thing. Another memory is the loss of Mr. Coyne. Ikey Cohen. Poor Ikey. Gone was he from the face of men and none knew his whereabouts. He had a failing for doing just what he shouldn't. Always getting lost, always in the way. For many months Ikey was the regiment's best comedian. Had he been a private he would have lasted about five minutes. Being an officer he clowned it beautifully. He could not ride for nuts. Only with the use of both hands

could he keep aboard. To see Ikey coming down the road meant fun. Did we happen to be party of about six, we'd form into single file, with wide intervals between each man. Approaching Ikey one would smartly salute. Ikey dared not release one hand. Trying to return the salute with a hand that still retained the rein meant the turning of the horse in the direction of the raised hand. After repeating this performance several times must have made Ikey wish for the abolition of saluting. He was game, however. Stuck it all and did his best to hide inefficiency behind officialdom. To see Ikey inspecting the guard was a spectacle none missed. He was a riot. To do the thing right he'd examine what had hitherto been thought unnecessary. I've seen him remove the cap to see if the guard had combined his hair. He was good. Newkey had the bad taste to bawl him out unmercifully in front of the whole squadron on many occasions. This was neither kind nor thoughtful. Now hear the end of Ikey. They shooed him off to the Infantry. Only very recently have I heard pleasing conclusion. A Captain I know in the Highlanders of Montreal tells me that Ikey was attached to his company and that he was as much of a scream here as ever. But, the self-same comical Ikey was eventually **Recommended for the Victoria Cross**. Splendid Ikey. We laughed at him, pitied him and rather admired him for sticking the unpleasantries hurled in his direction. Just another case of a square peg in a round hole. No sooner was he settled in his proper niche than he proved himself no less a soldier because he failed to sit a horse correctly. Remembering how so many decorations were distributed willy-nilly to whoever happened to be present when they came up with the rations, makes a recommendation for the V.C. seem so much more worth while. For V.Cs. do not come up with the rations.

So much for manoeuvres. Sorry I remember so little about them. My failure to remember indicates their dullness. Moving back to Neuilly we hear rumours of a move "up" in the morning. Seems about time we did something to justify our existence.

It is correct. We are going up the line. Great excitement breaks

out. The thought of going into action stimulates. Why should it? Damned if I can say. All very nice to be training in these back areas. Nice to be enjoying a cushy time in safety. Nice if nobody else knew. Up there somewhere men are doing big things. Men are getting killed and wounded. Oh, yes, back areas are nice and all that. What of our friends who serve in the infantry? They have done things. And we? Well, nothing since the horses came. It is far from pleasant to have it said that one served in a ceasefire outfit. That's it. That's why we are glad we're going up. Personal pride. Nobody wants to get wounded, nobody is anxious to be killed, war is damned unpleasant, we are not any braver or bolder than anybody else: still, as a war is going on and as we volunteered for service, and, as our pals who joined other branches of the service are actively engaged in the conflict, well, then we want to be in on it. As rotten as it may be we'd rather do our bit than spend time touring back areas, performing senseless schemes. This could be done as well if not better in Canada. Still, we're really off at last "up the line."

(To be continued)

Arry: "What's the matter, Bill? Ad a shock?"

Bill: "I should fink so. The baby set fire to 'isself playing wiv some matches and the missus put 'im out wiv the supper beer."

Wimmen and fightin' is lovely things, and likewise so is booze, But you orter choose two out of three, and stick to the two you choose!

For it stands to reason as no man born, not even Samson's self, Can handle all three at the self-same time and not be laid on the shelf.—Don Marquis.

Some like them gentle and sweet,
Some like them haughty and proud,

Some of us like them petite,
And some of us love the whole crowd;

Some will insist upon grace,
And some make a point of the pelf,

But, to take a particular case,
I like them fluffy myself.—A. P. Herbert.

McConnachie's Flight.

(By Capt. Fred Merriott Fish)

Permission of the Author and The Legionary

"It is McConnachie who has brought me to this pass. McConnachie, I should explain, is the unruly half of myself.... We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny—he is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearthrug among the harsh realities of the office furniture, while he prefers to fly around on one wing—I shouldn't mind him doing that but he drags me with him....." (Part of an inspiring address given by Sir James Barrie, their Rector, to the students of St. Andrew's University.)

Most war birds are a prey to the demon of unrest referred to, and Jim was no exception. For eight years—seven of them very lean years—he had been encouraged to forget the war. "Lest we remember" seemed the more popular recession among his set who were mostly of the younger generation born too late or the older generation born too soon to be seared by the reality.

Then there was the call for volunteers for a Trans-Atlantic flight recently. McConnachie had been tempted, but the practical half had remained firm to the harsh realities. The daily papers were full of similar stunts and the illustrated weeklies showed the heroic figures of those who had succeeded—or failed!

It all started again to-day as he read and re-read a letter from one of the old squadron, and thoughts flew back to the good old days and those queer satisfying happinesses that were snatched under the shadow of the war.

He gazed around his den with quiet content. Not a bad little retreat for an old war bird! Everything about it bristling with memories. The old propeller over the mantel housing a fairly good clock and decorated with a neat circle of Boche cartridges; the Ghurka knife, and the Indian sabre given him by the old Sikh Risaldar in return for a joyflip over the Jamil Hamrin Mountains in Mesopotamia—strange they should have chanced upon an errant Taube that very evening!

The eastern curios reflected the glory of the setting sun on their dull lustre, and the horseshoe, entwined in the Artillery red and

blue ribbon shone like gold. Poor little Kitty—How awfully hard it was to leave her there in the salient after ending her sufferings and just after the battery had swung into action, at a trot, near St. Jean and laid "open sights" on the advancing hordes.

The crossed Turkish swords looked fairly well below the Victor of Bagdad, and the artillery crest served, appropriately enough, as a memorial to the "Master Gunner" framed above. The Commander of the First Canadian Division, side by side with the "Beloved Padre" seemed to give kindly approval to "The Landing of the First Contingent at St. Nazarre."

A fair haired Apollo in the uniform of a Flight Commander, gazed down at a piece of 5.9 shell on the smoking cabinet. "That bit was nearly the key to Heaven for us both" thought Jim. "I wonder...." and while he wondered, the door opened and in came the Flight Commander himself.

"Crawford Hardinge! The old 'Gunk' himself! Well I'm damned; I thought you were qualifying pilots or mooching about Ottawa with the great ones of the earth."

"Jimmy, it's great to see you again. Had a hell of a time finding your place. Came from headquarters in ninety minutes. Borrowed Bud's machine. Your airport here is a devil of a long way from the city. Anyway I've come to tell you I've got it, or I should say we've got it!

"Elinor Glyn's, or perhaps you mean Hay Fever?"

"Be serious, Jim. I mean the flight, the flight; I'm chosen and you're coming with me."

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow. May I be permitted to ask which flight, whose flight? If you think you're going to drag me from the bosom of my family on some \$25,000 non-stop Halifax to Hell-and-gone oceanic tour, let me tell you right now I'm not interested. See that piece of shell over there? We missed quite a pile of that stuff during

the late unmentionable, and I'm dam sure I'm not going to Davy Jones Locker after surviving that lot, if it is to advertise somebody's chewing gum!"

"This is no advertising stunt, Jimmy, no business deal. It's an Imperial mission, an Empire service. We got word to-day that the business out East is extremely grave. Britain has a serious situation to face in India—native unrest and the Afghans are threatening the North-west frontier. Mesopotamia has caught the fever and is all out for a Holy Islam War, with a capital W. Russia isn't involved yet but may be any day.

The Flight Commander placed an affectionate hand on Jim's shoulder—"You know what that means—you know that Britain simply can't have another war out there. The big fellow at Angora is with us and it all rests with him. He has asked for a certain famous British General to join him at once with a Military mission. That General is here in Canada—visiting his old friend, General O'Brian. The War Office is crying to Heaven for him and he has to get there in a hurry, so a Trans-Atlantic flight was suggested and agreed upon. My service with the "Special" squadron has given me priority—you're going to be my navigator."

"Jim, it's thirteen years ago this month since we crossed over on the old 'Grampian.' We fought together in the 'old red patch' and later flew together. There isn't a navigator in Canada to compare with you, and you collected a fair string of decorations for your service in the East. Let's go! There's the old job for you and on one of the best machines ever made—all metal, and all British! She was shipped over for our people to see while en route the R.A.F. Visiting Squadron, Australia; D. H. 'Coeur de Lion' and Bristol Jupiters. Britain is looking to us to get their man over at once to stop his unholy war at all costs. Of course no one knows about it all yet, and if you don't feel like the risk—as of course it is a risk with a land machine—I guess I must get one of the regulars from the Air Force."

"Who the hell said I don't feel like taking a risk. Was there one of our old squadron who ever refused a risk? Surely to God you

Capt. F. M. Fish, and author of this unusual story, who was one of the few aviators considered for the ill-fated London-to-London flight. Capt. Fish left Canada at the outbreak of the war as a gunner in the 11th Battery, C.F.A. Subsequently, he was given a commission in the Royal Field Artillery and served in Mesopotamia. He was attached to Maj. Hereward de Havilland's Squadron R.A.F. as Observer and did considerable flying in this capacity. He now lives in Hamilton, Ont.

don't think I'm one of those cissy's who love this soul-tearing, drab manhood-destroying post bellum existence. I don't feel like the risk Ha! Ha! That's a good one. Risk; Heaven help us! When everyday I risk my job because I take the risk of telling my boss where to get off. Great stuff, that risk! Do you mind passing up that corkscrew Thanks! There's a wee spot of Dundee brew left in that bottle. Say when Happy cruises in the past, Gunk—we raised a pretty fair stink in the Great War—plain sailing ahead—we ought to do as well as angel of peace. Here she goes—I'm for peace at any price—the old toast 'Soft landings!'

"Crawford, when you came into my house five minutes ago, I was the family solicitor standing firm on my hearthrug among the harsh realities; now I am about to fly around on one wing, or two—I don't give a damn how many!

Final arrangements for the take-off were completed at amazing speed. Jimmy, like an old war-horse smelling powder, spent a glorious time checking over the instruments, charts and meteorological data.

With a light-hearted, old-time cunning he plotted in radio beacons traced magnetic variation curves, and prepared progress graphs. Scorning logarithmic tables, he solved drift problems and converted his old Artillery Plotter into a Drift Indicator.

All reports from official sources pointed to fair weather ahead. The Admiralty had already ordered the Atlantic and Channel Squadrons of British Navy to co-operate in every possible way. R.A.F. crack pilots had begged to be permitted to meet and escort the "Coeur-de-Lion" to the specially constructed landing ground at St. James' Park.



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London. Jimmy and the Flight Commander were deluged with telegrams, mostly from old war birds. Not a discordant note anywhere. The old selfless comradeship! Any one of the scores wiring congratulations, would have given his sword arm to change places with them. The Prince sent a knightly message; the Air Ministry their pledge of special aid. Nothing remained now but the little informal dinner preparatory to the take-off at midnight.

With a catch at the heart Jimmy realised how completely he had abandoned the cosy routine of domestic life. Molly, as ever, proved herself a pearl beyond price. Parting promised to be a grim business; Victoria Station and the leave-train all over again, plus two sturdy youngsters to multiply the intensity.

Then the dinner. Sitting on the right of the ex-Chief of Staff, Jimmy's soul expanded. The nobility of regimental comradeship was extolled by the famous British General in a short soldierly speech. A word from the other General, brief but exhilarating as a breath of salt air with very nice tribute to the war services of the pilot and navigator and the news that he had been offered and had accepted, the post of Chief of Staff for the Mission.

The lilt of "Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket" was transposed again to the old war hymn, started up in a self-conscious quaver by a grizzled old ex-observer, quickening immediately into stentorian crescendo. Old faces appeared as through a mist; each in turn a cheery greeting, a Godspeed, all joined hands in 'Auld Lang Syne.'

Then, as the glare of the floodlights and flares outside increased in intensity and as the mechanics shattered the night with the tuning up of the three Bristol Jupiters, they arose and filed out in twos and threes for the runway.

The engines mercifully drowned the good-byes. Molly's serene smile was obviously the greatest effort of her life. She indicated that the children were in bed, in answer to Jim's enquiring look. He knew now why she had made young Ingram salute his daddy earlier in the evening, and little Joan kiss him good-bye.

Feeling very tense but quite calm, Jimmy mechanically check-

ed over his gear and got into his flying kit. The Flight Commander, unconcerned and very much at home, ceased roaring instructions into the ears of the mechanics and came over to bid farewell to all; debonnaire and handsome, he saluted gaily and ordered all aboard.

Now the engines were started up again and Hardinge played with the controls. Jimmy's attention was focussed on a slight figure among the group of airmen, and hardly noticed the start.

From an oppressive roar to a pitch of incredible sweetness the huge engines lifted up their voices in harmony and perfect rhythm. Grotesque shadows rose on either side and shot past. The broad lane of whiteness ahead sped astern rapidly. With an amazing smoothness the plane gathered impetus increasing to a terrific pace, until Jimmy wondered if Hardinge were overdoing it. While he so wondered the earth fell away and they were in correct climbing angle, ascending easily for some time. Hard-banked and kept her in a gentle turn until they were heading due East and making for the flying field again.

Small need for elaborate pilotage yet, but, unconsciously Jimmy oriented his map upon the plane table. The noise of the engines fell to a soothing drone as he closed and secured the overhead shutters. Now they could converse freely.

"You'll find the code signals on this card. Call them up and see how the set works."

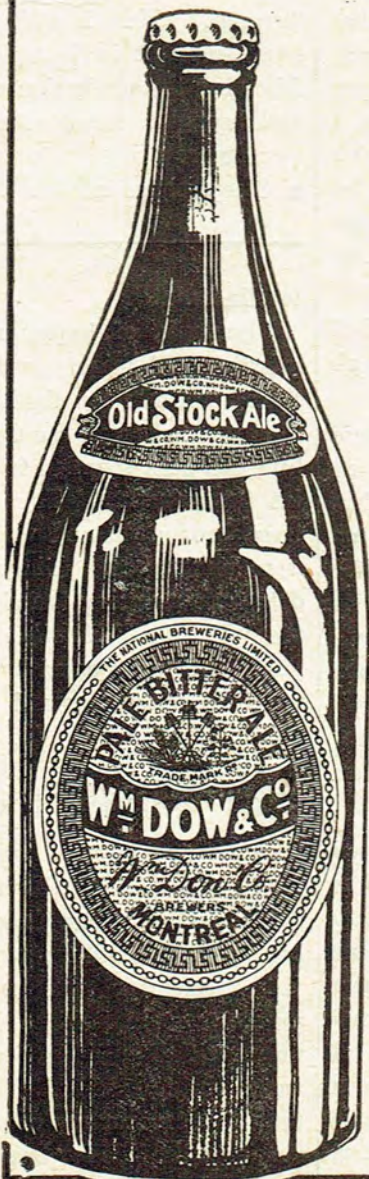
Jimmy turned the winch and released the trailing antenna. Grasping the tapper key he sent down the station call. Some seconds elapsed and then a green floodlight answered.

"O.K. Jim; buzz down acknowledgment and we'll shove off. Send them farewell greetings and my salaams to your lady wife. What a night! Did you ever see such a moon! I'll keep the stick until we get daylight. You can start the log. I'll hold her back with this load overland. Seventeen minutes after twelve we took off, and I judge there is a 20 mile following wind, 1,000 and climbing. Pilot tube says 110 miles. By Abraham's trousers, Jimmy, this is verily "The ship that's bound for Blighty"! Great is deHaviland and great are Bristol Jupiters! Hark at

POPULAR CANADIAN REGIMENTS



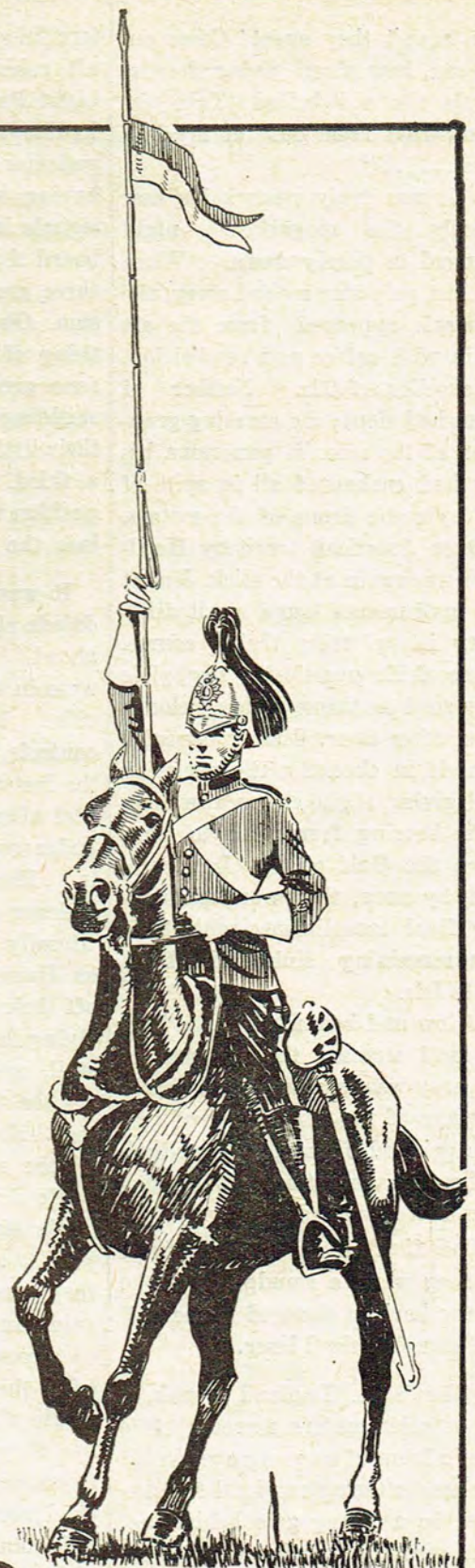
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'em, aren't they sweet! Come on old son, how about giving the Generals the old ballad 'Take the crank-shaft from out of my kidneys.....'

It was truly remarkable how quickly the magnificent night changed to pearly dawn. When the last pale star melted away, the Generals appeared from the aft cabin with coffee and sandwiches, in excellent fettle. Neither of them had slept; the amazing grandeur of the moonlit panorama below had enchanted all in spite of the hypnotic drone of the motors.

Over American territory Hardinge was again at the stick. Jim at the instruments found small difficulty in plotting their course. Their drift practically negligible they sped on through fleecy clouds hour after hour. Jimmy occupied himself in checking the variation and giving slight changes in magnetic bearing from time to time. Then the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, by noon, they were exchanging final compliments with their last remaining link with land, Belle Isle.

Below and behind the faint blur of land stressed the vastness of the gray wastes around and ahead. A tinge of the old feeling of tension gripped Jimmy, a throw-back to first solo sensation. The sameness of it all palled greatly.

The first diversion came with evening when a smudge of smoke on the horizon changed to the outline of a fair-sized liner.

"That's the 'Lapland', Gunk, if my calculations are correct. She was in front of us going over in '14. We are bettering our land speed—must be a young gale behind us, Lord send it keeps that way."

"Send our code signals, Jimmy, and ask acknowledgment."

Three little puffs of steam from the siren told that their signal was understood. Tiny specks clearly visible on deck gave them a queer sense of companionship, fleeting enough it was true, for she rapidly fell away out of sight again.

Darkness crept slowly over the desolation; a magnificent sunset reminiscent of the East, died out behind, staining the edge of the black waters blood-red and sinister.

A cheering diversion came again at midnight when, true to Jimmy's calculations, the "Empress of Scotland" was sighted. This fact confirmed his supposition of their

terrific speed. The Generals in the aft cabin passed up the Verrey Light Pistol as requested. Coming in line with the cosy twinkle of galleries of little lights. Jimmy, having already sent down their signals in Morse, opened the starboard shutter and touched off the three green Very lights in succession. Obviously awaiting something of the kind, a flare of intense green appeared near her bow, shedding its brilliance even to their little cabin; then another and a third. So far, so good; their position verified, they sped onward into the gathering clouds.

It was 3.00 a.m. when the first drizzle of rain blurred their vision ahead. In a few minutes they were in the thick of it. It was terrific. Hardinge, very cool at the controls, his gaze concentrated on the instruments, recovered an even keel after each perilous yaw, and endeavour to gently climb above it. Higher up they met the full violence of the hurricane and were literally hurled along, crabbing, as Jimmy well knew, and points off their course. They lost much flying height, recovering from a stall, and a flash of lightning lit up the ranging waters not 1,000 feet below them. Hardinge watched the cross level and compass while Jimmy roared the readings of the air speed indicator at intervals. At times it seemed that they could not weather it. The rain thundered on all sides, seeped through the shutters and splashed in their faces. Except for periodic flashes of blinding lightning they continued through total darkness, groping their way by dead reckoning alone.

Involuntarily the thought came of the heroic failures, victims of the Atlantic's challenge, and whether they had met their fate in a storm such as this.

"Lord help the sailors on a night like this," shouted Hardinge. "Please God we get the aneroid reading higher soon! If we stall again at this height we are for it! It's behind us anyway, but we are drifting points to the south. We ought to run out of it soon at this speed."

Dawn at last, wretched and clammy; a ghostly fourth dimension of leaden cloudiness, saw them still braving the fag end of the storm.

With no visibility beyond a few poor feet of cotton-wool foginess,

their plight was scarcely less perilous than during the preceding hours of darkness. Accustomed to the varying pressure of his body on the seat and the grim antics of the air speed any rev. indicators, Jimmy wondered anxiously if Hardinge's flying sense could last out much longer. As if in answer, the familiar feeling of emptiness at the pit of the stomach told of a sickening spin, from which they had barely recovered, when the mists fell away and the sea loomed up blue and sparkling.

Relief knew no bounds. Hardinge threw an arm around Jimmy's waist; unshaven and pale, eyes bright with sleeplessness, they exchanged a chaste kiss!

"Excuse me, I'm sure," said O'Brian, framed in the aperture behind. "My friend inside insists on your taking a wee spot, just for your stomach's sake," passing a silver flask. "I'm not much of a connoisseur myself, but it touches the right spot, and you lads have had a mouldy time. I feel as though we must be on excellent terms with the little cherubim that sits up aloft. You were truly magnificent. Flying over the ocean is exceedingly interesting, but I agree with the General it has its disadvantages. May I squat behind you? The sandwiches are coming. We will breakfast together and help you find Europe."

In a short time the sea ahead of them was dotted with ships of all sizes in regular formation.

"The Atlantic Squadron," said the General. "These first six are the latest class super-dreadnoughts. The 'Revenge' should be leading, flying the C. in C's. flag. We have apparently missed Ireland by a margin. Only one country out Hardinge. That's Eddystone Lighthouse on the starboard bow."

They circled acknowledgment when the "Revenge" dipped her ensign.

With a high heart Jimmy fired all the remaining Verrey Lights as a squadron of seaplanes climbed up behind them. A solitary land plane hove in sight, sped towards them and shot below in rear of the naval planes. Then a pageant of Britain's giant bombers, escorted by a covey of Bristol fighters in V formation. All were flying various Squadron streamers. Below them now in panorama stretched a mosaic picture of England's quiet



Ex-Tp. J. Blackburn, 2nd Troop, "B" Sqn. R.C.D. France, 1918. Tpr. Blackburn sounded "Cease Fire" for the Regiment on the 11th November 1918. His present address 56 Arundel Ave., Toronto. He is still taking a lively interest in horses as he is following the profession of Jockey and brought home one of Geo. Beardmore's horses to victory in a Steeplechase at the Woodbine.

loveliness.

Plymouth, of happy memories, gristling with mighty warship; the Sound and Fort on the hill where, thirteen years ago, the General salute had been sounded to greet the 1st Contingent. The feathery trees, brown soil and vivid greens were unchanged. The naval cadets were manning the riggings of the "Wooden Walls" moored in the Sound, and passed by crowded with the advance guard of Canada's mighty hosts. To complete the amazing coincidence, H.M.S. "Tiger" lay in her old berth.

"Here we are Jimmy, over Glorious Devon, and that's Exeter, where you and Prendergast gladdened the hearts of the village maidens in '16. Remember the nursemaid we met on the Bridge? Bless her nursemaidly little heart, you weren't worthy of her! If it weren't that official courtesy demands our making a bee-line for London, we'd mooch about Winchester. I'd love to see Andover again and renew associations with the good old scenes

of D.H. 6's days; the dear old 'Clutching Hands'!"

They sped on, the landscape full of memories of old forgotten days over the Southern Shires.

Then, the goal at last!

London's smokey haze soon obscured the horizon ahead, and the mighty Thames came into view, winding its silver length through the heart of the great Metropolis. A score of familiar landmarks raced into view. St. Paul's and "the cross of gold that shines over city and river," the Tower and Tower Bridge and a fleeting vista of the old Strand. Then Big Ben loomed underneath, Victoria Tower and the sombre dignity of the Mother of Parliaments.

While Hardinge circled tribute over the golden eagle of the Air Force Memorial on the Embankment, they saw the Union Jack flutter down from the flag-staff on Victoria Tower, showing that the session of Parliament was over, and the members crowding out on the Terrace.

Jimmy, spellbound, turned from trying to locate the old Pay Office, Millbank, and spotted the 13-pounder firing a salute in their honor in St. James'. The Royal Ensign proudly floating over Buckingham Palace told of the King in residence.

Hardinge made straight for the landing ground, throttling down over the Home Office, and as the new Guards Memorial passed under them side-slipped into the wind and made a perfect landing.

Words cannot describe the ensuing scene. Cheers and multitudes of all sorts and conditions of men, women and even children. The policemen with linked hands leaning back against the crowds. The Officials—Representatives of the Services and Flying Officers—exchange of handgrips, the crashing chords of the massed bands playing "O Canada" and the cordon of Coldstream Guards stationed round the machine to guard it.

Mechanically collecting his gear and log-book, Jimmy found himself parting with their distinguished passengers who were now setting off with others of similar high rank for the War Office. Hazily he followed Hardinge, led by a slim young officer of the Air Force, whom he recognized as one of the Princes—the group of waiting cars, and then the Air Ministry.

Luncheon eventually, sitting

among soldiers and statesmen, Ambassadors and princes. Then the audience with His Majesty.

Sitting in the rear seat of a huge Rolls Royce beside Hardinge, heading for the Palace, he smilingly acknowledged the cheers of the throng with a self-conscious effort at jauntiness. How greatly he envied the tranquil dignity of his handsome partner!

Arriving at the Palace a kindly A.D.C. took charge of them and with a few words prepared them to meet the sovereign.

At last the moment came and they were ushered into the kingly presence. With genuine kindness and a hearty grip, he thanked them sincerely for their service to the crown and empire in the cause of Peace, and told how all of the Royal Household had prayed for their safety. Jimmy was amazed at the friendly atmosphere of it all, and noted with something of a surprise the powerful resonance of the King's voice.

After a while they were ushered into the Levee Room, and among personalities whose names were household words, they approached the dais for investiture. Hardinge first, then Jimmy heard his full name read by a distinguished soldier in Field Marshall's levee dress. He stepped forward mentally noting the red and blue ribbon of the Order as it was pinned on Hardinge's breast. Unconsciously he drew a deep breath, braced himself and stood erect. His Majesty stepped forward and pinned the same order on his left breast. Stepping a pace to the rear, and exhaling suddenly, the medal, insecurely fixed fell with a crash on the marble floor and disappeared from sight.

"What are you doing groping around there on your knees?"

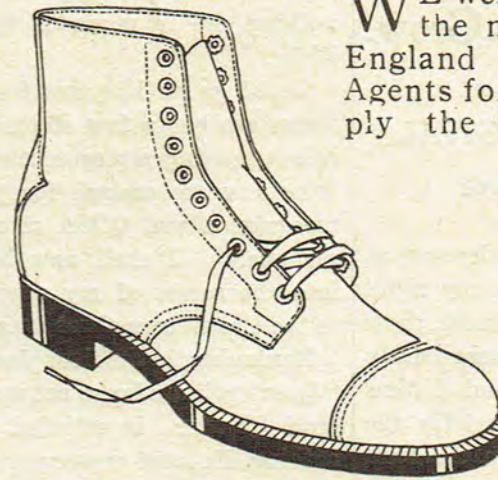
"I'm I'm looking for my decoration it dropped somewhere down here Why... ..Hullo, Molly, you here?"

"Decoration! Jimmy, you've been dreaming, you old idiot! and look how the rain's been beating through that open window. What a storm, and you've slept through it!"

"Slept through it! Why, I was in it."

"Come on, pull yourself together dearie! You're going to take me to see 'The Big Parade'! You promised, you know."

"Damn 'The Big Parade'! I



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mean to say, old girl, you can go—I was just at 'The Big Parade.'

1st Trooper: "What do you consider the height of soldierly incompetence?"

2nd T. "An instructor in the R.C.D's with an inferiority complex."

This Month's Fairy Tale.

Capt. J. Woods returned from Lennoxville recently emptyhanded.

Great Trees From Little Acorns Grow.

A MODEST RECITAL

by Q.M.S. Powell

To set at rest the wonderment of the troops arising from my rapid promotion, and to console those whom I passed so unceremoniously on the road to fame and distinction, I shall explain briefly the secret of my success, in the fond hope that it may act as an incentive to those who have grown weary while waiting for promotion that cometh not.

Those who had the misfortune of my acquaintance in the Royal Canadian Dragoons must be silenced right at the start for it is they who can pitch the monkey-wrench into the works and spoil everything. No good my bleating of efficiency in their hearing for they are familiar with all the ghastly details of my military career. They know that I began and ended a private. Not a good private at that. They all know I was fully qualified for higher positions in the Service but not a solitary blighter will admit it. Jealousy alone kept me down. Jealousy and uncertainty. It is generally supposed that a rotten private makes a worse N.C.O. They who ruled my destiny in the "Drags" have only themselves to blame for overlooking the accepted fact of there being an exception to every rule. Just see what they missed by their ignorance of this fact! They had in their midst a perfect Q.M.S. but because he happened to be always in S. (dare not write it but you know what I mean) Order, gave him the go-bye.

This causes the question to rise of whether or not I am a perfect Q.M.S.

I am, as you all know, the most modest of men. Still, truth compels me to produce my references.

If a Q.M.S. can successfully conceal his whereabouts for days on end he must indeed be good. This did I. Thoroughly.

If a trooper, on being sent for the Q.M.S. says he knows not what the said Quarter looks like; then again does the Q.M.S. prove himself good. Incidentally, it was suggested that my photograph be circulated amongst the troops for the purpose of identification.

If a Q.M.S. can appear and succeed in accomplishing absolutely nothing, he is a model Quarter Bloke.

Could go on like this for ever. These are but a few of the many points proving my contention, but these few are enough for you to recognize a real Q.M.S. when you see one. I shall now let you into the secret of my rapid rise to the Crown over three stripes.

Remember, in the first place that "Quarters" are born, not made. A good Quarter is satisfied with nothing. He must grouse perpetually. Must have a reply ready for any question put to him. This last sounds a bit difficult but with practice one's inventive faculties grow tremendously.

He must toil unremittingly in the service of his squadron or his regiment. If Ordnance wants to slip something over him he will submit patiently. It is as well that he adhere not too strictly to the truth. To avoid shortages and deficiencies he will first get the unsuspecting trooper to sign on the dotted line. Once having the signature the rest is easy. One simply fills in what the unsuspecting trooper is SUPPOSED to have. In this, it is advisable to be sure of the trooper chosen, for many troopers can be quite rough and unreasonable at times.

The perfect Quarter gives each trooper the impression that he is working solely for his welfare. When giving him that to which he is entitled make him feel you are doing him a personal favour.

The perfect Quarter will be above such things as bribery and corruption.

He will perform his duties diligently but without ostentation for the Army hateth a boaster. He will see that the Officers and Sgt's get their just proportion of the day's rations, and no more. He will be gentle with all men, but firm. Should a bold trooper declare he did not receive his heel-peg the perfect Q.M.S. will not forget the dignity of his position. He will neither fume nor rage. Quietly will he open the book and ask of the trooper if that be his signature. The affirmation is enough. He has signed for it and there the matter ends. Never must the Quarter enter into vulgar argument. Although you know more about the peg than he does are you to blame if he is careless

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enough to sign without proper investigation?

Space alone prevents my going fully into the matter, but should any desire to enrol themselves as candidates for my complete course on "Crown Winning" by correspondence in three lessons, their application will be considered without prejudice or favour.

Do it now!

An American Ford car with the name "Al Smith" on the hood was in Barracks the other day and as it passed Culley and Carpenter the former greeted the driver with "Hello Al!" Carpenter asked who "Al Smith" was and when told he was democratic nominee for president he replied that it could not be the same fellow for he wouldn't be driving a car like that.

Abie your shirt tail is out!

Out? Where is it out?

Out where the vest begins!



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Why do you laugh so loud at the comic pictures. Are you really amused?

No, I'm only trying to get my money's worth.

Sports.

We stated in our last issue that Sgt. Green won the "Individual Cavalry Cup" on Victoria Day. This is incorrect. The cup won was the Leblanc Cup which was presented by Capt. Leblanc for annual competition in dismounted sports for the individual obtaining the most points in the dismounted events.

There was also a misunderstanding about "The Gaunt" Cup which in previous years was competed for both by Troops and 'D' Co. The R.C.D. Major Timmis has ruled that this cup is for inter-troop competition in dismounted events only and this year it goes to the 3rd Troop. A new cup has been presented by Major Timmis for inter-troop and platoon competition. It was won this year by 'D' Co. to whom we extend our congratulations.

On Victoria Day there was no competition for cups for mounted events. It is hoped that on our return from camp a mounted sports day will be held when the remaining cups will be competed for.

ST. JOHNS SOFT BALL LEAGUE (Games to date)

June 18, Vic. 13 Gar. 1
June 22nd, Gar. 8, Bel. Cort. 5
June 25th Gar. 9 Iber Can. 5
June 29th Royals 21 Gar 6
July 6th Monarch 17 Gar 11
July 9th Gar 9 Vicorias 1
July 13th Gar. 9 Bel. Cort. 8
July 16th Gar. 11 Iber. Can. 4
July 20th Gar. 18 Royals 15

League Standing to Date

	P.	W	L
Garrison	9	6	3
Victorias	7	4	3
Monarch	6	3	3
Royals	8	4	4
Bel. Cort.	5	2	3
Iberville Can.	8	2	6

St. Johns.

The first half of the St. Johns and District Football League programme has been completed and we are five points ahead of our nearest rival, the Singers. Strictly speaking there has not been much

to choose from between Singers and ourselves, but we firmly believe the cup will remain in the Men's Library for another year. We have two more games to play with them when we return from camp where we expect to find plenty of competition which will also we hope improve our play. There will no doubt be some change in the line-up of future games, a change which we hope will be for the better.

Standing of teams in League

	P	W	L	D	Pts
Garrison	8	6	0	2	14
Singer	6	4	1	1	9
Nat. Brick	7	1	6	1	3
Farnham	5	0	5	0	0

A Cup has been presented by Colonel C. F. C. Porteous, M.C., V.D., O.C. 12th Infantry Brigade to the "A" Squadron, R.C.D. Team which won the Relay Race in the Brigade Sports held July 1st.



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Capt. J. Wood, sends this in for our readers to puzzle out.

MENU

Soup:

1. The Capital of Portugal
2. An imitation Reptile
3. A Foolish Fellow

Fish.

4. The Largest part of Sambo's Foot
5. A Fowl's resting place
6. How Spring Hats are bought
7. Coral Pink

Game.

8. Worn on the Head
9. A Break in a Mountain Ridge
10. A News Carrier

Meats.

11. An English Author
12. Woman's best Weapon
13. One of Noah's Sons

14. What Eve was made of
Vegetables.

15. Spring colours
16. To measure Time

17. What made Boston famous—
18. Irish Beauties

Relishes.

19. A cold food
20. Comical performers
21. What all politicians are in
22. Soldiers assembled

Desserts.

23. An evidence of winter
24. What to say to a canvasser.

Fruits.

25. June 10th, 1909
26. Water in motion
27. Two of a kind
28. Forbidden fruit.

Beverages.

26. Boston's overthrow
30. Pretended agony
31. What pugilists do.



Bran Mash.

In Chicago—here today and gone tomorrow.

Aid to Solitude.—An onion a day keeps even flies away. Pointer.

All Lit Up.—Having been told that it was electricity that made his mother's hair snap when she combed it, Johnny bragged to a visitor: "We're a wonderful family, mother has electricity on her hair and grandma has gas on her stomach."

There's nothing amiss
With kissing a miss
When you don't really know
what a kiss is,
But take note of this
You'll never know bliss
Till you're kissing another guy's
Mrs.

By Your Leave —The following is a bishop's description of the kind of preaching sometimes address to fashionable congregations: "Brethren, unless you repent, in a measure and be converted, as it were, you will, I regret to say, be damned to some extent."—The Churchman.

Tel. 557

Office hours—9 to 12 a.m.
1 to 5 p.m.

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